

go to another

ardon for any words I have disagreed,
From the Chief point, should hee have beene expressed
And in good part these miscontents take
Convenience now which more for players, and judgment made
Dency upon prop. for the
The next point for
This Bore could not
With respect to.

Exod. 22.18. Thou shalt not suffer a wicked
to live to God.

Levit. 20. And if a sonne or a daughter
sacrifice, and it be witnessed, whether hee hath
sacrifice or bidden of it, if hee doth not offer it. Hee
shall bear his iniugity. Levit. 29. 10. We. ^{shew} som
Levit. 3. 5. 1. And if a sonne or a daughter
sacrifice, and it be witnessed, whether hee hath
sacrifice or bidden of it, if hee doth not offer it. Hee
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Secundum legem moysam Actor sceleris sed et qui est ^{sceleris} ^{sceleris}
sceleris, obnoxius est peccato, si peccat.

Deuter. 19. 15. If a false witness rise up against any man to testify
Against him that which is untrue. Then both of them
Betweene witness. The witness who is shall stand before the Lord before
The Priest, and the judges, which shall be in those days. 19. And the
judges shall make diligent inquiry. And hee of the witness shall be a
true witness. And hee hath testified falsely, Against his brother.

14. Then shall

It is Breth

20. And the
witnesses

and shal be

Tooth for

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among you.

3. Spell

20.

refuge.

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Deuter. 18. 6. q

Familiaris

proffet.

forbidden to be suffered.

Deut. 17. 2. 13. And it be told thee
and thou hast heard of it, and have enquired diligently. Hee read.

Deuter. 13. 9. Thou shalt not consent unto him, nor returne unto him,
neuer shall this be thy pity him; neither shalt thou have
neither shal hee come into thy land.

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hates wife

proffet.

go to another

ardon for any words I have disagreed,
From the Chief point, should hee haue beene expell'd
And in good part these miscontentments take.
Convinced now which more for players, and judgment made.
Doubt upon shop for the

the next point for Exod. 22.18. Now haile not suffer a man
to be aduised not to his
tithes against it. Exod. 22.18. Now haile not suffer a man

int. 3. Levit. 5.1. And if a sonne sinne, and his brother voice of
sacrifice, And in witness, whether he hath
sinned or bhadne of it, if he doth not rebuke it. Levit. 29.10. We shal knowe
Levit. 5.5. shall bear his iniugity. Levit. 29.10. We shal knowe

Secundum legem moysam Actor sceleris sed et qui est Exodus
Exodus sceleris, obnoxius est peccato, si rebukat.

Dentur. 19.15. If a false witness rise up against any man to rebuke
Against him that which is untrue. Then both of them
Betweene witness. Exodus he shall stand before the Lord before
the Priest, and the judges, which shall be in those days. 19. And the
judges shall make diligent inquiry. And hee of the witness be a
false witness. Hee hath testified falsely, against his brother.

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It's Brether

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among you.

3. Spell

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Dentur. 18.2.9

Familiaris sp...

forbidden to be suffered.

Dentur. 17. 2. 13. 3. And it be rebuked

and now rebuked of it, and safe acquited diligenter. Exodus

Dentur. 13. 9. Exodus hee rebuked unto him,

never shall this be pitty him; neither shall this faire,

neither shal this consider you. Exodus

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hates wife

profess

refuge.

KING IAMES his Encomium.

OR

A Poeme, in memorie and commendation of the High and
mighty Monarch IAMES; King of great Britaine,
France, and Ireland &c. our late Soveraigne, who de-
ceased at Thebalds, vpon Sunday the 27. of March. 1625.

By Francis Hamilton, of Silvertown-hill.

Rev. Chap. 14. verse 13.

Then I heard a voice from Heaven, saying vnto mee, Write.
Blessed are the dead, whiche die in the Lord from hence-forth:
Yea, sayeth the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours,
and their works doe follow them.

E D I N B U R G H,
Printed by Iohn Writisoun. 1626.

TO THE CHRISTIAN READER
SON.

VV Hether thy chance, or choise makes thee to looke,
(Right reverend Reader) on this Poeme penn'd:
Accept my first essay, this little booke
Despise it not: nor spare it to amend:
So shall thou thanks receive, and gaine a friend,
And for thy paines have praise, the just reward
Of such as vertue favour, and befriend
The just and good intent. Nor misregard
One little Talent (being rightly vsed
To vertues praise) which shall not bring disgrace
To the possessor. Talents ten abused
Makes the abuser loose them, and his place.
One little Talent with right vse I crave,
Rather then Talents ten hid vp to have.

SEVEN CROWNE

SON

THE Heathen Poets wh.
(Blinded with bastard
Sung praise in Poems, in th
To such as they alledg'd ma
Against their foes in field: o
Prosperitie and peace: falsly
To Idols vaine, and Fortun
Welfare and honour, and th
As honey Bees, let Christian
The wholesome honey fro
Nor wasp-like sucke poysont he.
Benumde with sloath, learne their .
, or Creeds,
One God wee must adore, in perio. ^c three
Distinguish'd: who divided cannot bee.

SON.

SON. 2.

ON E God wee must adore, in persons thre,
Distinguish'd: who can never bee divid'd:
And only he through Christ ador'd must bee,
Who Heaven and Earth, and all therein doth guide.
Little availes his gifts, where wants his grace,
His saving grace in Christ our Soules delytes
And that's our joy, that wee shall see his face,
When hee shall all his foes with Scepter smyte,
They shall all prove as potters shards, when hee
Shall with his Word, the sword of iustice kill,
And with his powers rodde shall crushed bee,
And fry'd in fierie flames for ever still.

Who would enjoy Christ's face must fight the field
'Gainst sinne and Satan, and must never yeeld.

SON. 3.

VVHo would enjoye Christ's face must fight the field
'Gainst Sinne and Satan, till their life shall end.
Its horrible Apostacie to yeeld,
Great glorie through Christ Iesus to contend
Against his foes, the foes of our Salvation;
And persecuting Dragon, who was cast
From out of Heaven (as is by revelation
Made knowne to Christians, many yeeres since past.)
And beaten backe by Gods most mightie word
In Wilderness, Church pinnacle and mountaine:
Where Christ with his transcendent two edg'd sword
Beate Satan backe, of all our sinnes the fountaine.
And in the end for ever did confuse him:
And by his death triumphantly refute him.

SON. 4.

Christ in the end for ever did confute him
By his owne death: and did in triumph rise
Ascending to the Heaven, with Saints about him.
Eor to prepare a place for his, and pris.
Avoyde thou subtile Satan, since o'recomes.
But doest thou still assaule vntill the end:
Although thou knowest that Christ defrayed the summe
Of Gods Decalogue, and doth his Saines defend:
Which though hee knowes, yet strives hee to molest.
Christ's little ones, the apple of his eye:
And still doth tempt, illude, delude, suggest
Sinne vpon sinne, yet would seeme friend to bee.
Behold our Captaine Christ shall him confound:
So much the more in paines of Hell profound.

SON. 5.

Behold our Captaine Christ shall him confound;
So much the more as he himselfe advanceth
Aginst him, and His: for at the trumpets sound
(Whilst Christ in Heaven his holy Saints inhaunceh)
Hee shall repaye his spightfull plotted treason
To the least farthing: and the wicked shall
(Whom hee seduced hath against all reason)
Grye hilles and mountauncs, come, vpon vs fall:
Then with that measure, which the damn'd hath mette
To Christ's deare Saines, they shall receive the dowlie:
Then shall Hells pitt bee shut, and Hells darke nette
Shall hold for ay such as Christ's Saints did trouble.
Then yowling, mourning, woe and lamentation,
Shall cease on Satan, and the Damned nation.

SON

SON. 6.

Then yowling, mourning, woe and lamentation,
Shall sease on Satan in full strength and meassure:
And on the falling Angells, and that Nation
Of damned Div'lish reprobates: whose treasure,
Shall bee the fire of Hell, which goeth not out;
And gnawing worme of Conscience never dying,
Of Gods great wrath, the mighty thunder-bolt (flying.
Shall pierce them through and through; from which no
Go howle and weepe, the day doth now approach,
Wherein the coales of fire, which you did heape
On your owne heads, these sinnes which you did broach,
Shall make you gnash your teeth, lament and weepe.

Then shall they say, are those Christs holy Saintes,
Whom wee so oft haue vexed with our vaunts.

SON. 7.

Then shall they say, are those Christs saved Saintes?
Whom we esteem'd the off scowrings of Earth:
'Gainst whom so oft wee gloriid of our tants,
Esteeming them not worthy mortall breath.
Take pittie on your selves, yee wicked men,
And strive yet if yee can to enter in
In the right way to Heaven, least yee as them
Debarred bee for your omissions sinne.
Let elect Saintes in trembling, love, and feare,
In faith and true repentance watch and pray,
Praise God in zeale, in wisedome persevere
Vntill the end, attending on that Day;
That Day wherein God shall make even our ods,
And Heathen Poets damne with fained Gods.



THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

To alltrue Christians, to my Countrey of Great
Britaine, my native Syle of Scotland, and to
that famous, and woorthie Towne of
E D I N B U R G H.

And especially to the two magnanimous,
and wortbie Lords, I A M E S Marquesse
of Hamilton. &c.

And G E O R G E Lord Chancelour
of S C O T L A N D.

Magnanimous Lords with dutifull respects
This Pilgrims Poëme, FRANCK soy on directis,
Wishing your Lordships daigne to patronize it,
What FRANCK affords, let favours infranchise it.
My loyall love (thoug'b I bee much deßressed)
From praising Vertue should not bee suppressed,
And how much more in Kingis eminent,
So much the more to praise it should bee bent,
Each generous genius. Since (conjectures past)
True radicke practicke teacheth vs at last,
That I A M E S the last: bath both begunne and ended,
In mercie, peace, and grace now much commended,
And since so oft installed on a Throne,
His happy Head was honoured with a Crowne,

The Epistle Dedicatore.

Till that nor Crownes, nor Kingdome to him giden
Could keepe his Soule on Earth now crownd in Heauen,
Who having left of his owne royall race
A royall, loyall Prince to fill his place.
(And having him in Christian Schooles upreinued,
Till bothe true vertue, and Religion gained,
So that in tender age he did surmount
All Christian Princes in the best accoune)
In Peace and true Religion barblayd downe,
Threes Swords, three Scepters, and a triple Crowne.
Shall bee so much was praised whilste hee lived
For vertue loved; and who so much was grieved
At vices of this age, now beeing gone,
Bequeath his vertues to oblivion?
No; since both rich and poore so well were pleased,
His memorie must needs bee eternized.
My Muse must praise such vertues as did dwell
Within his Soule, (whiche made him so excell).
Whiche wee must imitate, and always strive
Wisely to use our Talents (whilst wee live)
By his example, who defauft, doth rest
In Heauen with him, in whom be pas his trus.
The vertues of the living, men should praise,
That more and more wee may true vertue raise.
Till like the graine of mustard-seed it grow,
And all the World abundantly pre-flow:
True vertues praise I heartlie doe intend,
Till that my breake, and mortall life shall end:
And so much more to praise it shall bee bent,
As I doe finde it true and eminens.

Your L. loving Friend to bee commanded

in all Christian dueties

Fr. Hamiltoun.

To the right magnanimous and worthie Lord,
I A M E S, Marquesse of Hamilcoun, &c.

S O N.

Heroicke Hamilcoun, FRANCK to thee affoordeth,
With heartlie Love the praise of IAMES his worke
Our King defunct, and since my soule concordeth
With CHARLES his vertuous valoure, I send forth
My hearts desire in prayer to my God,
That hee our Sovereigne CHARLES may still defend
In Christis Religion: so that his abode,
May in beginning, in the midst, and end
Bee alwayes, and for ever with our Lord,
And Saviour ioynd, by holy inspiration
Of Gods good spirit, so that hee not debord,
From the right way, which hath to Heaven relation:
But that in him his grace abundantlie,
With the right vse, and incresse hee supplie.

Yours L. loving friend and kinsman to honour and serve your L.
Fr. Hamiltoun.

To the right magnanimous and worthie Lord, Sir George Hay,
of Kilsawnes Knight, Lord Chancellour of Scotland.

Heroicke H A Y, I know nothing so strong,
As bands of Loue which vertue hath conbind:
And if I shold not vertue praise, I wrong
My selfe more than I wrong true vertues friend:
That I may neither wrong I doe intend
To praise and love the vertuous dead, or living,
King IAMES and CHARLES our King, I must commend:
King IAMES in Heaven: King CHARLES for it living.
Magnanimous Lord even you, and I, and all
Must strive for Heaven, and whilste wee breath, must fight
Gainst sinne and Satan: least wee catch a fall
From Heaven to Hell; and so may lose our right.
Christs coulours now are flying in the field,
And woe to such as shall to Satan yeeld.

Yours L. loving friend to honour and serve your L.

Fr. Hamiltoun.

*Amoris vincula fortaissima. &
= si mutua. in Christo.*

KING IAMES

his Encomium,



Rom Earth to Heauen, our Soveraigne *Iames* departs,
Ravish'd to Ioy, who ravished the hearts
Of mortall men, by vertue, and is gone
From death, to life, that such may follow on
By his example, to our Soveraigne Lord,
Of Heauen, and Earth: who mercie doeth afford,

To Penitents: who of their sinnes thinke shame:
Baptised, and believing in the Name
Of God the Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
Of whom, not one, for ever, shall be lost.
Should not our heauenly Soveraigne Saviour,
Who sent vs such a King, in blessed houre:
As Lanterne light, to lead vs, and to leaue,
His Sonne a burning Lampe, by him to giue
All Christians cause of Courage which are true,
'gainst Achests, Papists, Machiavellian cruell
Should he not praised be, aye more and more,
Calling our King to his Eternall store
Of heauenly glorie, perfect Ioy and Love,
Making him raigne for aye with him above:
Hath left vs yet a Lawfull Loyall King:
Such one, as from his Royall Loynes did spring.
Whill as we doe reduce to meditation,
How none was like King *Iames* in any Nation
In all his time, nor any knowne to bee
So learn'd, Religious, wise a King as hee.

B

Whose

Whose Grace was graue, whose words werewise, and few,
Whose lookes were louelie, mercifull, and true:
Whose viseage sage, heart humble, meeke of mind:
Bountie, and vertues beautie, there combin'd.
Whose body Chaste, with cheerfull Countenance,
Whose blessed breast wife counsells did dispence:
By trusty tongue of honoured head, inditing,
What well became a Royall pen in writing.
Whose potent Poems, (wing'd with puissant speed)
From a coelestiall temper did proceed.
Writing of warres, or of a civill Storie,
Affected truth; despised mortall glorie.
Parent of Peace, of potent Poets Prince,
Religious, Royall, and Renown'd defence
Of faithfull Christians, gainst the Romish Whoore,
In thought, word, deed, like Campe, or Castle sure.
Could all the world such Phoenix King affoord?
Such Royall, Loyal, Learn'd, Religious Lord?
No: Nor should I degener from my kind,
And so refraine to praise a vertuous mind.
Heroicke *Hampson* prais'd a forraine King,
For loue of Vertue which in him did spring:
Mis-construed: and rewarded with a cuffe,
Was made to change his soyle for's counter-buffe.
And worthy *Wallas* was content to part,
For loue of King and Countrey, from his heart.
Shall I deduce my pedegree from such,
And not befriend true vertue even as much
In the defunct, or living? however it goe,
By grace of God it was, is, shall be so:
That I true vertue praise, extoll, and loue,
(In thought, word, deed) which comes from heaven abone,

According

According to my power, and skill, till death:
 My will shall be as fervent whilst I breath.
 And what's nor to my power, nor skill permit,
 My God (of mercie) will dispense with it:
 And by his grace (of loue) he giveth me,
 In and through Christ, my will he'll rectifie:
 Which sinfull nature alwayes would pervert,
 Wer't not my God, by grace, reformes mine heart,
 I passe not what some perverse people say;
 Nor mumbling ~~Momus~~ shall my pen affray:
 Nor who so lust to jeast, to mock or scorne me,
 Or seeke by fraud, or falsehood to forlorne me,
 By poyson, or by powder-plotted-treason,
 Or fained faire pretences, bent against reason.
 I tell them all, That Christ my Lord and Master,
 Can well avenge his little ones disastre.
 And that it better were for them to bee
 Bound to a Mill-stone, and cast in the sea,
 Then to injure, or doe malicious-wrong
 Vnto the least which doe to Christ belong.
 Except they doe repente, amend and find
 Faith, true repentance, loue, and zealous mind.
 O if Christ's little ones were knowne to bee
 By worldlings, as the aple of his eye!
 Durst they injure, molest, wrong, or offend
 The least of those that on the Lord depend.
 All is not gold that glisters, nor all good
 Which masked is with goods Similitude.
 Behold the end, so may you learne to know
 How good it is to walke in God his law.
 Could any King (since yet the world began)
 Haue sayd as blessed I A M S, who in Britaine Rang

In true Religion, fiftie yeeres and eight
 A crowned King, a Magazine well fraughte:
 Sent from the Heauen to propagate true peace,
 All where through his Dominions, but release.
 The holie Spirit his Comforter did stand,
 Guarding his Soule, with his almighty hand,
 And now when Sime and Satan made assault:
 The shield of Faith in Christ, fide his defens:
 And quench'd those fierie darts with sacred blood,
 Which Christ for lawes had shed vpon the Rood.
 His counting booke of Conscience did occurre,
 For to controule his Faith, and barre the doore
 (Or gates of Heauen) for his sinfull transgression,
 But hee, by true repentence, and confession,
 (Through faith in Christ) to God : by's mercies looke
 Had all his sinnes scraps out of Conscience booke.
 Upon his head, the helme of Salvation,
 Upon his breast (to save him from damnation)
 The breastplate of true righteouesnesse, through faith
 In Christ his Saviour, who him sayde from wrath,
 And did the joyes of Heaven for him procure,
 Giving him Faiths true shield: to make him sure,
 His loynes hee girt with Truth: his feete hee shod
 With Peace-preparing Gosspell of our God,
 Watching and praying, in his Spirit, assuring
 His Soule by perseveriance, and enduring
 Till his last breath: Who thus and thus could say,
 Death can dissolve this Mansion house of clay,
 But against my Faith, my love, my hope, my zeale,
 To kill my Soule: there can no death preuale.
 I know my sinnes are great, and that they might
 Iustly bring on an everlasting Nighe

Upon

Vpon my Soule: but my Redeemer liveth:
 My God, my Lord, who all my sinnes forgiveth.
 And mee receives from all such hellish paine,
 As would my Soule and bodie aye haue slaine.
 Christ was my comfort, now is, and shall bee
 My All in All, in his Eternitie:
 My faith is firme, and in Religion right,
 My hope in him, through his owne mercies might.
 Who hath directed, and protected mee,
 In the right way of true fidelitie.
 So calling for the blessed Bread and Wine,
 (Externall signes of mysteries divine,
 The Sacramentall seals of his Salvation,
 And tokens given of true justification:
 Making true mention of our Saviours death,
 And how hee hath his Saintes redeeme from wrath)
 Hee them receives, vpon the selfe-same day,
 Wherein hee first did Englands Scepter sway,
 The third day after that hee had received
 The Sacrament, which hee sincerely craved,
 The twentie sixt of March, beeing Saturday,
 Yet the Iewes Sabbath, who did Christ betray:
 A day for rest ordaind at the Creation,
 That therein God should haue by everie Nation
 Adored beene, according to the rites
 Contained in the ancient holie writs:
 And kept till Christ did from the dead arise,
 To gaine to all his Saintes heavens glorious Pise:
 Which day the Iewes (while as from Christ they swerve)
 Doe keepe as holy, for they so deserve,
 For crucifying of the Lord of glorie,
 Renouncing Iesus Christ, and his sacred storie.

Of saving grace) who doth Salvation give
 To all baptised who in him belieue.
 The noon-tide of this Iewish Sabbath past,
 About two houres, King James lost speech at last.
 After that hee his Princely sonne resolved
 And often kill'd, longing to be dissolved.
 And though approaching Death did him assaile,
 So that his speech had now begun to faile.
 Yet whilst they read, or pray (as Christ commands)
 He lifting up his eyes, his armes, his hands,
 Gaue cleare consent: and what hee could not speake,
 His sighing Soule did from Christ Iesus seeke.
 The twenty sixt of March (Saturday) gone,
 The Iewish Sabbath chang'd for this reason,
 Our Saviour rose, having made satisfaction
 To God his justice for all sinfull action
 Of all his Elect, in thought, vword, and deed:
 And for all sinne originall did proceed
 From our preceeding parents whosoever,
 From Adam, Eve, and from them all together,
 Triumphing over Saran, Sinne, Death, Hell,
 That hee and his in heaven might ever dwell.
 On the first day, as then was, of the weeke,
 Before that *Mary Magdalens* did seeke
 The Tombe of Christ, wherein hee was interred,
 Calling him for the Gardner, (having erred)
 Which day all Christians doe our Lords day call,
 Religiously observing it, withall
 Sinceritie, mov'd by the good example
 Of the Apostles, preaching in the temple:
 And by the warrant of Gods word, in writ,
Saint John being ravish'd in his spirit on it.

Heard

Heard a great voyce, as of a trumpet sound,
 Which Alpys and Omega did resound :
 Commanding him to write within a booke
 What he did see, (that they thereon might looke)
 And send it to the Churches seuen, which were
 In Asia : Epbesse, Smyrne, Pergome, Thyatire : Re.1.10.13.
 To Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea,
 Where now the Turke reigne, cruelties Idea.
 Even on that day Christ Iesus did arise
 From death, to gaine heavens glory for aprise,
 To him, and all his Elect, through his merit,
 On that Lords day, King I A M S did heaven inherit.
 The Holy One in persons three distinguisht'd,
 One God, and indivisible extinguish'd
 His mortall life, and life immortall gaue him,
 And did in new Ierusalem receive him.
 The three times nine, or nine times third of March,
 The twenty seventh, King Iomes his soule did marche
 Amongst those Angels, and those Saints of God,
 Which haue with our Redeemer their abode.
 The thousand yeare, six hundred twenty fives,
 Since our sole Saviour tooke on mortall life,
 Immortall life prevailing over breach,
 Made him triumph over sinne, shame, hell and death.
 O is hee gone ? and shall we not bedew
 His Tombe with teares, did peace and loue renew,
 So oft ? Shall he for such rare vertues sake
 As rang in him (which many Christians lacke)
 Forgotten be ? No, till this world shall end,
 Our pennes and poems shall King Iomes commend.
 And were it not that heavens did so decree,
 Our pray'rs yet had stay'd Deaths destinie.

But that his maker would such Soule embrace,
As lov'd and long'd to see his Sauours face.
To render thankes, and everlasting praise,
Alwayes to him who did through Christ him raise,
Vnto such Glory as he shall adore,
And never cease to praise the Lord therefore.

KING

We waile not *JAMES* Not need we him lament,
Whose Soule in Heauen, before his oyle was spent,
Whose Lampe, gaue Ligh, and Lanterne like did lead,
By his example, rightly to proceed:
Both Kings, and Kæsars, Monarchs of the Earth,
Princes, and Peares, aswell in life as death,
We waile not *JAMES* who for the heauenly Ioyes,
Hath left to dally with all earthly Toyes,
We wail not *JAMES* whose Ioye surmounteth more
Now in one houre, then all his dayes before.
We wail not *JAMES* Great Britains Iewell faire,
Thrice Crowned King, 'mongst Kings a Phoenix rare.
We wail not *JAMES* who rendered to his race,
Three Kingdomes Crownes, to enjoy in heauen his place.
We wail not *JAMES* whose potent pen refuted
The Foes of Christ, and hath them much rebuted.
We wail not *JAMES* who writ those thornie cares,
Which Crownes and Scepters, in their compasse beares.
We wail not *JAMES* who Mysteries vnsfolded,
Which Iohn in Pathmos Ile, in trance beholded,
We wail not *JAMES* whose Demoniacke storie,
Discovered many vices, and vaine Glorie.
We wail not *JAMES* nor need we to deplore one,
Who did afford such a Besyke Dolor.

We

Wee waile not *IA M E S*, who learn'dly did rehearse,
 King Davids Psalms in his owne roiall verse
 We wail not *IA M E S*, whose Name, whose Fame, whose
 Is more and more by learned men set foorth, (worth,
 Ev'n *Forbes*, and the Cardinall's record,
 King *IA M E S* a Learned, and Religious Lord.
 Wee waile our want of such a worchie King,
 Yet more wee joye, since hee in Heaven doth reigne.
 Whose Corps though now interred in the dust,
 Shall rise with *Jacobs*, and with *Iohs* the just.
 Nor neede wee curse such mountaines as *Gilboab*,
 Nor waile such waters, as our Father *Noab*.
 Nor neede wee waile private or publicke crime
 Wrought in our native Soyle at any lime.
 Nor valleyes vaunting monstrous-marching might,
 Of forraine foes, or homebred household spight:
 Nor thundring Cannons, nor the Trumpets sound,
 Nor Turkish spyte, which else where doth abound.
 Nor Papists plots, with Powder-plotted treason,
 Prepared 'gainst him, and his, against all reason.
 Nor Spanish-Papist policies disguised,
 Deliberat, and long before advised,
 Which masked with the shew of friendly love,
 Like craftie Serpent, cunninglie to move:
 And so to lurke amidst brave Britaines bowres,
 Crossing our Gardens, tripping in our Towres:
 Into our pleasant Palaces approching,
 And on our lives, Lands, Liberties encroaching,
 Accusing and accroching, and seducing,
 Our Nobles, and our commounies abusing
 With Gundomerian-Gunnes to make vs gane,
 And lose our lives, before wee see our want,

Our God, and Saviour, did such things prevent,
 And to such Parent of our peace hath sent,
 In peace a Messenger to take Iames breath,
 His Generall-muster-master mortall Death:
 Bounding Deaths limits, that hee no more could,
 But bring to dust (of dust) his earthly mould.
 Maugre the Hells: no second Death, nor terrors
 Durst sease on him, nor no affrighting horrour,
 Durst so attempt his breast, as for to ludge
 In his heroicke Heart one faithlesse grudge.
 Firme was his Faith, and franck his fortitude,
 Through and in Christ, who for him shed his blood.
 For Adams and for Eva's curious lust,
 By Gods decree, dust must returne to dust,
 First Adam through his fall damnation brought,
 Christ second Adam our Salvation wrought,
 Spoyler of Death, more than Methusalem,
 No Babell Builder, but Ierusalem,
 Ierusalem the New, prepar'd of God,
 Where Saines amongst his Angells haue abode,
 Through Iesus Christ: By whom Iames justified,
 Heere a crown'd King: hence a King glorified.
 Whilst heere hee range, hee justice did affect,
 Truth, Love, and Peace: hee much more did respect
 Religion, right and reason, Chastitie:
 Than any King on Earth, with clemencie:
 Nor Glorie vaine, nor greed, nor golde, nor gaine
 Could make him from the hope of heaven refraine:
 Nor trust in treasure, which Earth could afford:
 For why his trust was in the living Lord.
 King Iames, thy blames are buried and forgot:
 Thy Faith, Fame, Name, claime Crowne without a spot.

Now

Now blessed Iscob, rest in Heaven, and sing,
 The everlasting praise of Christ thy King:
 The King of Kings, thy God, the Lord of Hostes;
 Was, is, and shall bee: to whom the Worlds coastes
 Subjected are? Didst thou the Scriptures quote
 To praise thy God? didst thou thy pen devote?
 Loe many pens of vertuous men expresse
 Thy worthie parts; thy praise for to increse?
 Wast thou of modest mind, of bodie chaste,
 Religious, learn'd: thou joy'st the interest.
 Thy Clemencie, thy bountie and thy Love:
 And such true vertues, sent thee from above:
 Returne to thee much more abundantly
 Good Name, good Fame, since vertue can not dye.
 Thy pleasant Poems, learned, and profound,
 Shall till the World have end, thy worth resounds
 And counter-check such ignorant prophaine,
 As Cuckooe-glorious mocke the inspyred vaine
 Of Christian Poets: who in sacred verse,
 The praise of Christ, and of his Church rehearse.
 Those learned workes, which from thee did proceede,
 Such ignorant vaine glorie shall deride:
 As jeast at learning, and esteeme it folly
 To bee train'd vp in Christian Schooles most holy:
 And shall move others also to deplore
 This vicious Age: And praise God evermore:
 Who as hee gave the Kingdome, Scepters, Crownes,
 So gave hee wisdome, which thee now renownes.
 Those earthly things too litle for thy minde:
 Hee gave, then tooke, when hee had thee refinde,
 And in exchange a Crown of glorie gave thee,
 And did in Heaven for evermore receive thee,

That thou to him mightst sing that sacred Song,
 Which doth Gods Angells, and Christs Saints belong
 Right-faithfull Stewart, Kings may learne by thee,
 To serve their God, while as they Stewarts bee
 Heires of alitle: with the Virgins wife,
 Attending on their Master, and their prie:
 With burning Lamps, till that they heare the call
 Of their Bride-groome, and with him enter all
 In Heaven, that they may Crownes receive, makes sure
 In joye and glorie, ever to endure.

O Potent Patron, of all vertues true:
 Who didst for thine, Sinne, Hell and Death subdue,
 Lord Iesus Christ, God-Man: my Saviour sweet,
 Inspire mee with the wisedome of thy Spirit:
 That I with Faith and zeale, may thinke, speake, write,
 With wisedome worke, and with discretion dicke
 Thy praise and glorie, for thy gifts so good,
 Which thou to thine hast giv'n, through thine owne Bloods
 And for? (since it hath pleased thee to call,
 King James to Heaven) thou Charles makest to all
 True Christian subje&ts, a true Patron bee,
 A Father, and a friend to pietie,
 To vertues valour, and to right and reason,
 A friend to peace of conscience: foe to treason
 Committed against Christ, and his sacred Saints,
 By men, which of their finnes and vices vauntes.
 O wee vnwoorthie justly did deserve,
 That thou hadst sent a King, to make vs swerve
 From true Religion: but thou didst prevente,
 Our miserie with mercie, and hast sente

A Royall, Loyal, Learn'd, Religious Prince,
 Magnanimous, and mightie for defence
 Of all true Christians: Whom good God decorst
 With wisedome, that in zeale he thee adore,
 In Loue, Faith, Feare, Obedience to thy will,
 Aye more and more, till he thy will fulfill.
 Wee did deserve, and did by sinne procure,
 That thou shouldst not haue suffred to endure:
 That Royall raec of faithfull Stewarts line,
 For that wee did so oft agairst thee repine.
 If for our sinnes thou hadst cut with the stocke,
 The seede and siplings and madest vs a mocke
 To all the World; Yet wee much more deserved,
 Who by our sinfull lusts, so oft haue swerved,
 From the obedience of thy Law, and will,
 Our fleshly sinfull pleasures to fulfill.
 And but thy mercie is so eminent,
 All perills of thy people to prevent,
 Wee had beeene made a prey to everie Nation,
 For our contempt, and for our provocation.
 For our contempt of thy most sacred Word,
 Provoking thee to wrath, long-suffering Lord.
 Infinite thou; not willing to contend
 'Gainst flesh infirme: didst grace and mercie send
 Through Iesus Christ, in whom wee are well eased,
 Through whom, with vs thou canst not bee displeased.
 Eternall trueth, who gavest to James to bee,
 Royall on Earth, Religious towards thee,
 Extend thy blessings vnto his succession,
 Doe not repell our earnest intercession
 O Lord our God: That so wee may sing praise,
 Aye more and more to thee, who did him raise.

Now neede we pray no more for *James*, since gone:
 Exempt from prayer; and exempt from mone.
 Direct our hearts therefore to praise thee for him,
 And pray that in King *Charles* thou doe restore him.
 Restore him in such vertues, and such grace,
Elisias-like in good *Elias*'s place,
 With double portion of thy holy Spirit,
 Confirming Faith, conferring grace to vaine
 His whole affection, both of soule and heart
 Rightly to thee, so that they never part.
 Make the good motions of thy Spirite him guide,
 Supreame Essence; who can not bee divide.
 Thy wings bee his protection, grace, and power,
 In the assaile of all temptations houre.
 And if his sinnes (which God forbid) become
 Notorious blacke, or thicke, or darke, or dimme,
 Or like such clowdes, as doth the Sunne obscure,
 Dissolve them Lord, and let not them endure.
 King of all Kings; so make thy mercies shine,
 In, through, and by Christ, that he knowe hee is shine:
 So that hee doe repent, returne, amend,
 In wisedome, love, faith, zeale till life shall end.
 New gifts, new graces daylie to him grant,
 In such abundance, so that hee nought want.
 Increse in him what's good, and take away
 All sinne which may his soule seduce, or slay.
 Most mighty Lord from throne of mercies grace,
 Exempt him not; so that thou hyde thy Face.
 Stand by him Lord, and save him from such error
 Of mind, as may procure his conscience terror.
 From damn'd defection, and from all disgrace,
 Good Lord deliver *Charles*, in each case.

Re.

Remember not his sinnes: but pardon give,
 Exalt him by thy grace, and him relieve
 From danger of all foes 'gainst him repine,
 Who would him trap intraines which they propine.
 Bee his defence against all stormes, and charmes:
 Remember Lord to keepe him in thine armes,
 From all assailes bee thou his strong refuge,
 Save him from all temptations, and from grudge.
 Grant Lord he cause amend what is amisse
 In all his Kingdome; so that thou doe blesse
 Both him, and them; and all to him belong:
 Maintaine vs: and avenge vs of foes wrong,
 Except they doe repente, amend, returne;
 And so leave off to make thy Saints to mourne.
 The roiall reigne of Charles wee recommend
 To thee O Lord of Hostes: O Lord defend,
 In right Religion; his roiall Realmes all,
 His subiect Princes, Nobles great and small.
 His forraigne Friends, and favoris reward,
 And vnto all pertaine him, bee a guard.
 His generous Gentles, blesse thou whosoever,
 His loyall subiects, that they not swerve, nor sever.
 Prevent him, and all his from Heaven aboue,
 With saving grace, with mercie peace and loue.
 In all temptations houre must come to try
 (Thy Saints on Earth, who doe on thee rely.)
 O let not foes prevale 'gainst thee, nor Atheists,
 Nor none of their owne merite-vaunting Papists,
 Robbing the Lord of Love, and life his glorie:
 With Soule-sick-fairded fictions making sorie,
 Praying, and causing others for to pray,
 In conguies vndeeme not knowing what they say:

St. 15

Suffer not foes, sinne, Satan, so t'assale,
 That chine from thee or slide, or fall, or hale:
 From feare or force of forraine foes or plotes,
 Preserve King Charles and his from all their shots.
 And from their craftie carriage, which is knowne,
 Now to bee like to bladders, which are blowne.
 Conspiring 'gainst our King, and Countries good,
 Exulting when by errours they illude.
 Abusing sacred Name, calde Iesuites,
 Who rather ought to bee calde Gibonites.
 Deluding men with worse than rotten bread,
 In stead of such as Soules, and bodies feed.
 Respecting the proud Pope, and his curst traine,
 More than Christes glorie: which they doe restraine,
 Whilst craftie they derogate from Christ,
 And arrogate ynto their perverse Priest.

Distich.

King Charles takes vp, what did King Iames lay downe,
 Three Swords, three Scepters, and a triple Crowne.

On King Iames the defunct dead to sinne and living for ever to
 rigbconſneſe.
 On the living King Charles, dying to sinne, living and to live
 for ever to rigbconſneſe.
 On the perverse Pope living to sinne, dying and to dye for ever
 to rigbconſneſe, except be repente and couers to the Trueſt.

Francis Hamiltoun his first Ellay. Feb. 7. 1626.

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THE 14 CHAPTER OF REVELATION

A Poeticall Ephirase and Paraphrase on the 13 verse of the 14 chapter of S. Johns Revelation

Saying to me from Heaven a voice heard I,
Write, Blest are they, which in the Lord doe die
From hence foorth: yea, the Spirit sayes, for they rest
Them from their labours, and their workes (whilst blest)
Doe follow them: * — (even their reward is such
According to their workes, little or much.)
Nor for their workes, for they doe much debord
From the commands, and will of Christ our Lord:
Although good workes from his good Spirit proceed,
And as from him are perfect workes indeed:
Yet in all mortall men by sinfull nature,
Are more or leſſe infect'd with sinnes foulfeature:
And as in sinfull man they cannot merite,
That man the ioyes of Heaven for aye inherite.
Through faith in Christ, our Saviour God and Man
Heavens ioyes we gains, which Christ vnto vs gave.
Yet must we have good workes, as fruſt which grow,
The goodnessse of the tree whereon they grow,
Leaſt we bee lyke to fruſt leſſe trees; which are
are cast in fyre: For to each tree iſſe roote
The axe is layd, and if they bring not foorth
Good fruſt, they are cut downe as nothing woorth.
But to be cast in bell amongſt the Devils,
The authors; and ſuggeſters of our evile.

The triumph of every true Christian defunct.

O death where is thy King,
O grave where is thy victorie, now ſhaw:
O all your strength through ſinne was in Gods Law,
Which Christ fulfil'd: (My King.)
Through faith which Christ inspired by his Spirit,
I now with him doe rest,
And ſhall aye praise my God and Saviour ſweet,
No more with ſinne opprest.



Song to the comfort of every true Christian.

BLyth may he be, though his deas̄h doe arrest him.
B̄ath his sinnes dash'd out of the bookeſ of accounting.
Blyth may he be, though his friends haue opprefthim,
Finds by true faſth, true ſpirituall ioyes ſurmounting.
Earthly thiſgs, though prompt in pom̄, like to flowres are fading,
Whēn the Arch-Angell ſoundeth his Trumpe, no time for diſſuading.
Death when paſt, brings at laſt, either ioy or ſorrow,
Then reſpect, doth neglect, one moment to morrow.

Time then is gone, and no more can reurne,
Time can no more as then deieſt nor aduaunce thee.
Heaven or in Hell, man muſt dwell, ioy or mourne,
Even as a tree cut downe to dye, ſhall thy death inhaunce thee.
Chauſe and Fortune haue no place: God for all provideth.
Sinfull life, or mercieſ grace, makes what man beſideth.
Life or death, after breath, from which is no returning.
God doth guide, and provide, mirth for thoſe are mourning.

If thou to day, heare his voyce who doth ſay,
Better now thou weepe for ſinne, nor to laugh for pleaſure:
Banish therefore away, all ſhifts of delay,
Turne, repenteſ thee with teares, to be kept in his treaſure:
Mind'ſt thou to haue, knock, ſeeke, and craue, for the time is ſliding,
Knock, he wil open: ſeek, thou ſhall find; aske whiles thy Lord is biding
He will grant, thou noȝt want, who ſo deare hath bought thee,
He will redreſſe, thy diſtreſſe, who ſo muſh hath ſought thee.

Go then and count, though thy ſinnes doe amount
The ſand of the ſea, like red crimſie, thou repenteſ,
Thy faſth ſhall ſurmount, or them thou recount,
If thy abode bee with God, who liketh not thy tormenting:
Whiter then the whitest ſnow he ſhall make thy being,
Who obedieneſ to his law craues, but not thy dying.
As he liueſt, ſo he ſweareth, he hath no delight in
Sinners death, iſ from wrach, they returne or ſmiten.

Loe as a Hen calls her Birds to defend,
He calling cries, more then twice or thrice, for repentance,
Harden not thy heart, least he depart in end,
And sometime thou heare, in thine eare, this fearefull sentence,
Goe yee cursed into hell, where damned Divels are dying,
And from heaven he you repell (for your sinnes and lying)
Kisse his sonne, our Saviour sweet: Brace him by returning,
Rest at your redeemers feet, till he end your mourning.

What though a day, or a month, or a yeare,
Crosse thy desires with imagin'd discontentings,
Can not the change of an houre from all feare,
Crown thy delights with ten thousand true contentings.
Worldly honour, beautie, wealth, like vnto flowres are fading,
Painted pleasures posting pelfe: from true joyes dissuading.
But when grace, guides there place, then in seemly sorting:
Loue, faith, truch, zeale and ruth, makes them all comforting.

What if at morne, at noone-tide, or evening,
Thy God shall recall thee: art thou not content than,
Time to regard when he is befreading,
Think not that hee'l saue thee, without thy consent man.
Turne he from thee, looke for wrath: for he is all-seeing,
No repentance after death: but aye life or dying.
Heav'n or in Hell, man must dwell: thence is no returning.
Glore or grieve, without relieve, alwayes ioy or mourning.

Make thy abode in this world with thy God,
By faith, feare, loue, zeale, prayer, praise, and repenting
Thy sinnes, which blinds thy soule with such loade,
As seeme against heav'n, with the Divels, or their evils, indenting.
Wouldst thou ring with thy King, in heav'n at his appearance,
Heere thou must fight, as a Christian knight, by faith & perseveriance.
Triumphs ioyes, fred from noyes, there we will finde aye byding,
Crownes of glore, evermore, which are never fleyding.

Then new heaven, and new earth, when gone's all breath
Create shall be by infinitie, both former nor remembred,
In the towne, of renoune, where is no death,
Saints shall dwell, fred from hell, and be no more dismembred.
Saint Iohn saw that towne, out of heaven coming downe, new Ierusalem,
From God prepared (in this compared, to Metusalem,
The spoyler of death, where is no wrath) as a bride for her husband,
Full of glory and ioy, Loue freeing from noy, many thousand.

There Saints shall remaine where is nothing filthy,
The Citie pure gold, like glasse (free from mould) transparant,
The foundation of the walles of the Citie,
Were garnish'd with all sorts of precious stones (apparant)
1 Jasper, 2 Sapbyr, 3 Chalcedone, 4 Emmerande, 5 Sardonix, 6 Sardins one,
7 Chrysolite, 8 Beril, 9 Topas one: 10 Chrysopbras, 11 Iacintb, 12 Amethyst stone.
Twelue gates, twelue pearls, each gate of one pearle was (apparant)
And the streets of the Citie pure gold, as glasse, transparant.

God and the Lambe are the Temple therein,
There no need of the Sunne, nor shining moone, where Tri-unitie,
For the glorie of God did it lighten,
And the Lambe is the light thereof (most bright Infinitie,)
And the people say'd, shall there be receav'd, & shall walk in its light,
& the kings of the earth, shal bring (after death) to it their glory & might
& the gates of it shal by day not be shut, for there shal be no night there,
And the honor & glorie of the gentils evermore, vnto it shal be brought
(there).

There shall enter in it nothing vncleane,
Nor that doth work lies (fals hood to lurke) or abomination,
But onely those who are written (and scene)
In the Lambs book of life (where is no strife) there rests al contentation:
In him who belieue, was dead and doth live for aye, & in his purchesse,
Who hath an eare let him heare what the spirit sayth vnto the Churchs,
To him that overcommeth:
To him will I giue for ever to live, and with me to haue abode, (God.
And to eate of the tree, of life we shal see, in the midst of the paradice of

EXHORTATION TO ALL TRUE CHRISTIANS

Exhortation to all true Christians
for the praising of our Saviour.

King CHARLES our King come now and sing,
Exult for ioy before thy King,
The King of Kings, thy God and Lord,
And let thy soule and heart accord
To magnifie and to extoll
Thy King, whodoth his foes controll.
Mine heartreioyceth whiles I heare,
How Christian like thou doest thee beare :
Obedience offering to Christ's will,
By life and conversation still:
The sacrifice of Thanksgiving,
With prayers offring to thy King,
Through Iesus Christ thy Saviour sweete,
Who thee protecteth with his Sprite.
When God King David had aduanced,
Before Gods Arke good David daunced
With all his might, for he reioyed
In God, in whom he still reposed.
Great Britaine with the Ocean sea
Inviron'd, come now, and with me,
Sing praise and glore to Christ our Lord,
Who grace, peace, mercie doth affoord.
Come learned, and come Laickes all;
Come Nobles, Gentles, great and small,
Come rich, come poore, come every creature,
Conformed in true Christian feature.
Now let vs sing in songs the praise,
Of God, who Charles our King doth raise,
And doth devouring pests repell,
Captiving Satan, Sinne, Death, Hell,
The World, (and whatsoe're gaine-stood
His glorie) through his precious blood
Who by the power of his Sprite,
Doth his owne Saints to him vnite.

Com^e Scotland, and ev^en for joy;
Praise Christ who doth prevent thy noy:
And Charles thy Soveraigne Lord hath sent,
Apparent perils to prevent:
Come Edinburgh renown'd for worth:
The towne wherein I had my birth:
Thou Citie situat^e on a mountaine,
(Wherein doth flow the liuely fountaine
Of Christ^s Evangell) for whom Christ,
Is Sacrifice, and King, and Priest.
Come, come, all Christians true, resound
The praise, and glorie so profound,
Of God our Lord, of Christ our King,
Who moſt triumphantly doth raigne.
Let men and Angels all agree
To praise his glorious Maieſtie:
Extoll the name of Christ our Lord,
And from his will do^e not debord.
O Christian true, O Saints of God,
Whiles heere on earth you haue abode,
Suffer for Christ, and for his sake,
If need require, all things for sake
Which doth to mortall life pertaine,
For he doth all in all containe.
Who every moment doth thee view,
For loue of Christ, O Christian true
If need require, if iuft occasion,
Affoord thy liues sincere oblation.
O Christian rather then thou slide
From Iesus Christ (who from his side
His royall precious blood^e doth fall
To ſave the faithfull great or small,
Who doe beleue in him through grace,
Sent by his Sprit, for to deface
Satan, sinne, shame, the world, death, hell,
That ſuch with him may alwayes dwell.)
Forsake thy father and thy mo^{ther},
Forsake thy ſister and thy brother.

Porsake thy children, health, wealth, wife,
Thy credite, and thy mortall life,
Or whatsover's to thee deere,
Loe he shall recompence thee heere,
And hence give million millions more,
Which he in heav'n hath layd in store
For thee (true Christian) and for thine
An Ocean of true joyes ; propise
Surpassing thought of mortall man,
For let man thinke all that he can,
And speeke and write, it to defise,
Man in this life can not attaine
Vnto the thousand millions part
Which he shall haue in soule and heart
When the Arch-Angell shall with sound
Of Trumpet, raise the dead from ground,
And Christ with his eternall sentence
Shall doome pronounce, when as repenteance
Shall after that no time receaue,
Though damn'd could give what Christ did crane,
Then after that there's be no time,
For time shall then run out of time,
As doth that Angell testifie
To John, whom John in traunce did see,
Which sware by him (who life vogiveth)
For ever and for ever liveth :
Who Heav'n, earth, sea, and all therin
Created. (Who subdued sinne,
Through Iesus Christ, and his great storie
Of grace) That time shall be no more.
Come all true Christians now whiles time,
Doth pardon to your sinnes proclame,
Returne againe to Christ our Lord,
And from his will no more debord.
Come, come, and ioysfully refound
The praise of Christ, who doth abound
In loue, in mercie, peace and grace,
And shall make vs to see his face.

Rev. 10.5.6.

In ioy and glory, who contend
'Gainst sinne and Satan, till hee end
This mortall life, and to vs giue
For evermore with him to liue.
Michael the Dragon cast from Heav'n,
And Babels whoore shall als bee driven,
And dashed strongly downe to dñe,
The Antichrist whom God hath curst:
O she is fallen in Gods sight,
And daily falling through his might,
The glorie of her pompe and pride,
Must yeeld to Christ, and to his Bride.
Gods Israel. O Christian true,
Come shoure for ioy, and still renew
A battery to proud Babels wall,
Till that presumptuous Harlot fall.
Would God mine eyes might see her dash'd
And dung to dust, who long hath fash'd
The Bride of Christ. O Lord of might,
Grant we may shortly see that sight.
O mightie Lord, delay not long,
Behold thy little ones in throng,
And front of battell, fighting still,
Attending thy command and will.
How long, how long, remember Lord,
Thy Saints (with whom we doe accord)
Vnder thy throne, who call and cry,
How long, how long, dost thou delay
For to avenge vs of our wrongs?
But thou Lord, know'ft what best belongs
Vnto thy glorie; which fulfill,
According to thine holy will.

★ ★ ★

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This Country had
been covered with
wrecks, carcasses, dead
men, and broken
sabres, and broken
horses (by the
time we got here) more
than twenty years
the world had not
seen the like
since the
battle of Marston
Moor, & York. For
these had ridden in
the carts of York. The
men in the

When sisera the Captain Generall, judges 4.
of Iabin, Cardans king; had israel
oppreſſed twenty yeares; at whose comand
nine hundred yron Charets. And (like ſaid)
A multitude of men. The ex parte of
Deborah judge of iſrael (not the iſrael)
ſent, and call Barak Abomans ſon
from Adiſh Naphtali: ſaying to him,
I feare not ſemuek God of iſrael,
Commaunded; ſaying; Ope, and draw (with all)
towards me my labors. And take ſixe with thee,
ten thousand more. Children of Naphtali
And Zebulun: And into the ſwelle
unto the River Kidon (which till)'
Draw, ſisera. To Cartam (Generall.)
of abing Armid with his Charets (all)
And gaue ſees. And from vno thine hand,
all ſolue. ſuch did (god Commaund.)

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Life.
Judges. 5. 4

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ALL

5. appear o y de kines. O ye Princes guidant
for. 2. anion I will singe with loue & feare.
the 3. The Lord. He will singe Praiso,
1. 4. unto Jehovah. Gratz God. (Allwaies.)

5. 1. 5. And when thou waktest out of Sore, when thou
startest out of the field of Edom; (now)
the earth is abord; Hidens and Clouds, wrapped,
Spine upred. And the mountauns they walke
from before God. From sinnes from before
the Lord God of israel. (moro and mro.)

6. 1. 6. In the firs done Deborah doth declare,
With 2. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 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